

The Perryburg Journal.

A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Interests of Wood County, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Arts and Sciences, Home and Foreign News.

VOL. VII.

PERRYBURG, O., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1860.

NO. XLV.

The Normal Institute, Mauern City, O.

THIS school, now permanently established and in good condition, will continue under the instruction of CHAS. A. CURRIER, Principal, and MISS MART A. JEWELL, Assistant.
Miss Jewell, a graduate of Oberlin Female College, comes highly recommended as a scholar and teacher. She possesses rare musical attainments, as well as a knowledge of all the branches of a polite education. With this valuable accession to the faculty, we hope to make this school second to none and worthy the patronage of all. Special attention will be given to the formation of classes for those wishing to take the full course of study, and also for those who wish to prepare for teaching in our common schools.
Classes will be so arranged that students can be admitted at any time. The school year will be divided into four terms of eleven weeks each, commencing as follows:

Spring Term.....January 16, 1860.
Summer ".....April 16, 1860.
Fall ".....September 3, 1860.
Winter ".....November 26, 1860.

TUITION:
Common English Branches.....\$1.00
Higher ".....2.00
Languages.....3.00
Music and Drawing.....Extra
All applications for teachers, ladies or gentlemen, will be promptly attended to. All communications should be addressed to the Principal.
Mauern City, Dec. 29, 1859.—14.

DR. J. J. DAHLEN,

GERMAN PHYSICIAN,

OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO THE PEOPLE OF PERRYBURG AND VICINITY.

OFFICE--In Mrs. Williams' Building, 2d St.

SADDLES, HARNESS, &C.

D. STONE & CO.

AT GENERAL HOUTON'S OLD STAND, have added to their general assortment of articles for public use, a fine assortment of Saddles, Harnesses, and other articles usually kept in a well ordered Harness Shop. They have employed competent workmen and intend to keep a good assortment, well made, of good material and at fair rates.
If you want anything in this line, give us a call, and we are determined not to be beat either in style, quality, or price.
M. B. 1859, 1859—2417.

KINGSBURY HOUSE,

Corner of Summit and Walnut Streets,

TOLEDO, OHIO.

H. D. KINGSBURY, Proprietor.

Sept. 1, 1859—17m3

J. F. PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PERRYBURG, OHIO.

Will promptly attend to all law business entrusted to his care. Has for sale large quantities of land, including well improved farms, which will be sold on any terms.
Feb. 10, 1859—101f.

Howell's Exchange,

(Formerly Spafford's Exchange).

A. G. HOWELL, Proprietor,

Perryburg, Ohio.

This popular hotel has never been in better condition to accommodate its numerous guests than now. The rooms are commodious and well furnished, and the proprietor leaves nothing undone that will contribute to the comfort of his patrons.
The stabling is good, and every reasonable care will be bestowed upon horses, buggies, &c.
Charges reasonable.
Dec. 16, 1859 [—32—1f.

DR. J. B. SMITH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Bowling Green, Wood County, Ohio.

All calls will be promptly attended to, both day and night.
[Feb. 11, 1858—1f]

F. & D. K. HOLLENBECK,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

AND

GENERAL COLLECTING AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

PERRYBURG, OHIO.

THOS. W. HIGGINS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Office in Myers Block, corner Summit and Monroe sts., Toledo, Ohio.

Business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
September 29, 1859.

ASHER COOK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND

GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT,

PERRYBURG, OHIO.

Office—Over J. A. Hall's Store.

The French and German Languages Spoken.

JAMES MURRAY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in the United States and State Courts.

Office—Second story of the Perryburg Bank Building, Perryburg, Ohio.
April 1, 1858—47.

D. W. H. DAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC,

BOWLING GREEN, OHIO.

"BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO."
Jan. 26, 1858 [—1858—

PRICE & POE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Business left with them, either at Perryburg or Bowling Green will be promptly attended to.
August 18, 1859.

GEORGE STRAIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PERRYBURG, OHIO.

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in the several courts of Ohio.

Office—In Hood's new building, upstairs
April 14, 1859.

BAIRD HOUSE,

C. C. BAIRD, PROPRIETOR,

PERRYBURG, OHIO.

AMERICAN LEVIN

WATCHES!

THEY ARE FAR SUPERIOR TO THE

ENGLISH LEVERS;

And are infinitely the

CHEAPEST AND BEST WATCH

Ever manufactured. For sale at

W. P. GRISWOLD'S,

MAVERICK CITY, Ohio, Dec. 9th, 1859—31

Pictures in the Coals.

Sitting by my pleasant fire light,
In the dark and dull December,
Making pictures in the ashes
Of a slowly dying ember.
Lo! from out the ashes rising,
Touched as by the sun's gleams,
Is the image of my childhood,
That I ever see in dreams.
There, between the rows of maples,
Is the road and grass-grown street;
There, behind the shadowy branches,
Stand the houses, plain and neat.
There, beneath the vine-covered porch,
Are forms that never more will come,
For those hearts have ceased their beating,
And those lips are cold and dumb.
But upon the sunny hill-side,
Where the village church does stand,
The shadow of the spire is pointing
As the finger of a guiding hand—
Wandering ever in the grave-yard,
From morning till all set of sun,
Pointing where we, too, shall slumber
When our little life is done.

Yonder is the dim, blue mountain;
There, upon the plain below,
Stands the farm-house with its windows
Blazing in the sunset glow.
A mist now rising from the valley
Shuts the blue stream from my sight,
But I know upon its surface
Float the water lilies white.
Yonder are the clover meadows,
Where the twinkling dew is seen;
There my happy little school-mates,
Playing on the village green!
Forever children—still I love them—
Tears are filling fast mine eyes—
The burning embers now have fallen;
My village in the ashes lies.
O, in vain we're ever striving
After things beyond our reach,
A highly respectable citizen in good circumstances,
Life's most simple things may teach;
Little thinking what rare pleasures
Simple joys may bring our souls—
Evening, dying embers—
Even pictures in the coals.

[From the Cleveland Herald.]

Extraordinary Affair at the New-

burgh, O., Lunatic Asylum.

Among the inmates of the Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum is a person named Woodson, a highly respectable citizen in good circumstances, and said to have been a member of the former coal firm of C. Penitton & Co. He has been in the Asylum for some time.
For some time past he has manifested a strong disposition to escape, and the utmost care and vigilance has been exercised to frustrate his designs, but not always with success. Before being placed in his sleeping room at night he has been always stripped and carefully examined to prevent the securing of any instrument, and all his clothes but his shirt, pantaloons and stockings taken away. In spite of these precautions, he has succeeded three times within a few days in escaping from his room.
About two weeks since he took a set of false teeth out of his mouth, and by constant work contrived with them to saw a hole through the floor of his chamber, making a hole sufficient to admit of his creeping through into another part of the house, and thence escaping. He was traced, and caught at the house of Mr. Penitton, on Euclid street.
A few days ago he secured a pin and with it exceedingly unlikely instrument, managed to pick the lock of his door and escaped into the hall, where he was fortunately arrested. He then stated that a pin was of more value than \$10,000, when he wished to escape from a room.

Last Saturday night he was carefully examined, as usual, before being placed in his room but succeeded in securing a small brass ring, split at one part, in his hair. On being locked up for the night, he set to work, and with the ring he cut through the window sash and shutter, so as to enable him to remove them from the window. He then took the coverlid of the bed, and tore it into strips, with which he made a rope reaching nearly to the ground, a distance of some twenty-five or thirty feet. Some of the cotton batting with which the coverlid was padded, he placed in his stocking to protect his feet, as he had no shoes. Then dressing himself in shirt, trousers and stockings, he slid down and escaped.

Striking across the country to Eight Mile Lock he then took the towpath of the canal and walked dorted to University. They were nearly naked, yesterday afternoon. The officers of the Asylum were on his track, and with Officer McIlrath, of the Police, came on him yesterday (Sunday) afternoon. He was very quiet when arrested, and spoke freely of his escape, and made no resistance to being taken back to the Asylum. We question whether this series of extraordinary escapes can be well matched.

Slave Trade Between the States.

Mr. Charles Reemelin, of Ohio, is publishing in the Cincinnati Commercial notes of a Southern Tour he is now making. Attached to the train he was in Alabama were two car loads of negroes, and Mr. R. writes:
We went forward to have a look at them, and a sight met my eye never to be forgotten. There were some 150 negroes, young and old, men, women and children, mothers of large families, some alone, some surrounded by their offspring. Their clothing was of the most motley character, and the gifts of fair white ladies of cast off bonnets and gowns, and of fine white gentlemen of worn out hats and coats, were there to show that at parting there was some natural feeling. The negroes came, as the trader said, from Virginia and North Carolina, from which region and Tennessee 100,000 are taken South each year; at this time emigration amounts to 3,000 a week. They were destined for the New Orleans market, where the trader expected to get \$2,000 for every healthy, full grown negro. When I first entered the car, a foetid stench, like that of a menagerie of monkeys, made me doubt for the first time in my life that the sleeping bodies before me belonged to human beings, and had I not afterwards heard them talk and seen them exhibit other attributes and propensities, my nose would have taken judgment by default. Some among them looked just as if imported from Africa. They were nearly naked, and seemed unable to reply to questions put to them. The conductor frankly admitted that negroes, whom he could not mistake to be slaves directly from Africa, did frequently come on their road, that 200 such came the week previous and that 800 more were contracted for.

B. D. MANNEB.—It is said that Americans and Europeans, in their intercourse with the Japanese, greatly irritate them by a foolish disregard and contempt of the habits of Japanese life. For instance, the Japanese use neither chairs nor tables. The matting with which the floors of their houses are covered answers for tables, chairs and beds. They sit, sleep and eat on them—and as they are a very cleanly people, they keep them unsullied, and always removing their shoes from their feet at the door. And yet John Ball and Brother Jonathan coolly persist daily in soiling the floors of the Japanese with their muddy boots.

A True Kentucky Mother.

It is related that the mother of Cassius M. Clay, a venerable Kentucky matron of eighty years, was told a report which got abroad, that the zealous Pro-Slavery men of the county in which her son lived had given him notice to quit. They need not give Cassius notice to quit, said the mother, she would not go and for my part I had rather see him without his head, than hear of his deserting the post of duty.

Jerusalem by Moonlight.

The broad steep of Zion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Syria's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though it is the noon of night, traces with ease the street of Grief, a long, winding ascent to a vast copied pile that now covers Calvary, the site of Grief, because the most illustrious of the human as well as the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the Divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout Christendom the emblem of triumph and honor. Passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the Hill Scepas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judaism has in turn submerged the fane which was raised to his father and to himself in the imperial capital, and the God of Abraham, Isaac and of Jacob, is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

An Adventure on the Cars.

There were five of us—yes, five as happy fellows as were ever let loose from college. It was "vacation," and we concluded to make a trip to the Falls. We got aboard the cars at N— and were very soon traveling very rapidly towards our destination.
We had just seated ourselves and prepared for a comfortable smoke, when in came the conductor, when should it be but our old friend Fred B—? After the common salutations—how are you old fellow, etc., had passed, Fred said he had some business for us to attend to.
"Out with it old chum," said we; "anything at all will be acceptable, so let us have it."
"Well, boys," said Fred, in a very confidential tone, "in the next car there is a 'lovin' pair' as it was ever my lot to see. They are going down to H— to get married, and no if you can have any fun over it, just pitch in. They must be careful for I don't know who can do it better than you."

"I have it, boys," said Bill Severs; "we must make that girl think that her lover is a married man."

"That's it, Bill—that's it," said we, not giving him time to finish the sentence.

"That he is a married man and the father of children."

"That's the game, boys; and now let us play it."

It devolved upon me to commence operations. Accordingly, I entered the car in which we were informed the lovers were. The girl, thinking, I suppose, that she must give her lover all the seat, had taken a seat on his knee, and he, for the purpose of protecting her, of course, had thrown his arm around her waist; and so they sat, in real soft lover's style.

All this I gathered at a glance. Stepping up to them I said:

Snowballing.

BY JOHN S. HUNT.

The soft, loose glob of her tresses
Is graying about her face;
And the wind through its silken meshes
Is running a frolicsome race.
Her violet eyes—how they darken and flash!
Her rose-red cheeks—how they glow!
As she stands, ankle-deep in the milk-white drifts,
Pelted me with the snow.
She tosses the soot flakes around her,
In her pretty, boyishish play,
Till she looks like a sea-nymph rising
Through the billows of foam and spray.
She moulds the balls with her little bare hands;
Do you think she would part or scold
If I nestled the pink palms down in my breast
And warmed them?—they look so cold!
Her white wool mittens are flung on the snow,
Each one in itself a lake,
And her silken scarf beside them lies,
Coiled up like a crimson snake.
All about on the tracks of her little feet
Have printed the downy snow,
And I know by them where, another spring,
The prettiest flowers will grow.

She laughs and scoffs when my snowballs fly
Viciously over her head,
And she cringes in a cowering way,
And crouches in mimic dread.
She calls me a sorry marksman,
An awkward fellow—and still
The little wretch knows well enough
It is from lack of skill.
She knows I would sooner think
Of tearing a butterfly's wing,
Or beating a lily, or throttling
The first robin of the spring
Than of aiming at her in earnest.
Or hitting her if I could,
Or harming so much as a tassel
Of her little scarlet hood.

Gave, beautiful Mabel! Oh, what would she do
If my mittens were half as bold
As the crystals which fall on her lips and hair
Like pearls among rubies and gold?
Will her pride and her willfulness transcend my love
As her light foot has trod the snow?
That the missiles she flings, which are sure to my face,
Are fire to my heart, does she know?
Sweet tease! does she guess I am wondering now
Whether she'll ever be
Anything more to me,
Than a little witch with wild gold hair,
And rose-red cheeks in a glow,
Who stands ankle-deep in the milk-white drifts,
Pelted me with snow?

Got up with the girls.—The entrance into society may be said to date immediately after boyhood has passed away, yet the multitude take the initiative before their boards are presentable. It is a great trial, either at a tender or a tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with absolute certainty that within two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before the girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and sit down and dispose of his hands without putting them in his pockets, is an achievement which not many boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over.
There comes, at last the waking up. The dear girl don their hoods, and put on their shawls, and look as saucy and mischievous, and unapproachable, and independent, as if they didn't wish anybody to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck goes to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and croaking his elbow, stammers out the words, "Shall I see you home?" She touches her finger to his arm, and they walk home a foot apart feeling as awkward as two goings.

So Mr. Harper, your real name is Jones, is it and you've been fooling me, have you? Well, we ain't spliced yet; and I don't think we will be soon, and the girl, and her eyes fairly flashed fire.
Jane, Jane! said Harper, don't you know that I'm Bill Harper? That ain't a drop of Jones blood in me, and I'll prove it.
At this moment Jeff Jackson, Bill Severs and Jim Byers entered, and of course their attention was called to Harper by his loud talking. They stepped up to him and said:
"Why, Jones, what is all this fuss about?"
This was more than Harper could stand. He leaped upon a seat:
"Now," said he, "my name ain't Jones, and I can lick the fellow that says it is."
By this time we had got to H—, and our friend Fred came into the car and made Harper keep quiet. The girl that wouldn't be spliced requested Fred to help her on the train that was going back to N—, which he did, and the notorious Jones, alias Harper, followed her. We learned afterwards, that he proved himself to be Bill Harper, instead of Bill Jones, and he and his gal 'got spliced.'

BLACK SNIPES.—Every person acquainted with the business of the lakes must know Capt. P., a steamboat officer of high repute, under whose care thousands of travelers have been conveyed speedily and comfortably between Cleveland and Buffalo. The captain is "a portly man, fat and a corpulent," has a jolly face and hearty laugh, tells a capital story, and relishes a good joke, even though he be at the butt of it. Among the captain's numerous acquaintances was a "deuced good fellow," of a sporting turn of mind, who was always short of cash, and being disinclined to work, contrived to shoot himself into a decent subsistence.
Now the captain's weakness was snipe, and the appearance of his shooting friend with a string of those birds was always the precursor of a trade. During the season Captain P. never ran his boat alongside the pier without finding his sporting friend awaiting him. Once on a time snipe were unaccountably scarce, but thanks to the sportsman's skill, or some other cause, the captain's supply never failed or fell short. The only difficulty that "in order to save trouble" to the purchaser, the birds were now always plucked and trussed before being brought for sale.
Matters proceeded in this way for some time, when the captain invited a friend to dinner, and of course snipe formed a prominent dish. The guest was posted on snipe, living and cooked, and was an old sportsman, and something of an epicure. He remarked at the good supply of the temporarily scarce bird, but was assured by his host that he had no other people but snipe had failed. The guest looked narrowly at the bird on his plate, turned it over, and a dazed it. Laying down his knife and fork, he looked the captain solemnly in the face.
"Captain P.," said he, "do you buy the feathers with the birds?"
"No," replied the surprised host, "for the last five or six weeks I have bought them plucked."
"Then let me advise you in the future to do so, and avoid snipe in mourning feathers—they taste exactly like blackbirds!"
The remembrance of the dozen of "plucked" birds he had bought and eaten as snipe, flashed across the captain's mind. Next day he was invisible until the steamer was ready to start, and he made no more purchases of snipe that season.—Wheeling Union.

An Oily Letter from the Oil Springs.

The Oil Springs in Trumbull county, Ohio, are exciting a great deal of interest. The Sandusky Register prevailed upon its Fat Contributor to go down there last week. It has received the following letter:

Dear Reader.—Everything about here is so greasy and oily, it is with extreme difficulty that I can write at all. My pen slips out of my fingers; there is an oily scum on the ink; the paper is fairly transparent, and I almost drown in my chair in a condensed unpleasant frame. Patience and perseverance (sweet oil is unnecessary here) will, however, overcome many obstacles.
I arrived here at a very late hour last night, on an oil train, and might as well have come on train oil, as we were sixteen hours behind time. All trains are behind time here, I learn, owing to the accumulation of oil on the track at this end of the road. The oil flies out upon the road and lubricates the rails for a great distance. We shouldn't arrived here at all if the passengers hadn't got out and sprinkled the track with cigar stumps.
I slipped out of bed (nobody "arises" here; we all slip into bed and slip out) at an early hour this morning and began my investigations. I found a section containing fourteen thousand acres of land chock full of oil springs.
Drilling is unnecessary here, as the oil flows up in springs sometimes to the height of twenty-five feet, and is caught in tin pans as it comes down on a hot day. I'm told its no-anxious thing to see the steam rising long-logs in these jets of oil. The balls of dough are dropped into the jets where they are allowed to cook about like crabs in a fountain, until they are fried by the heat of the sun.
The only species of trees which abound here is the slippery elm. These trees are so slippery a squirrel can't climb them without slipping his paws in Spaulding's Prepared Gline, a small bottle of which he always carries with him suspended from his neck. There are a few maples here but no sugar is made as nothing but oil runs out when it is tapped.
There is one large sized creek running through Trumbull county which is all oil. It was discovered a short time ago in a singular manner. Three boys went in bathing and when they came out they were so greasy they couldn't stay in their clothes. As fast as they would slip them on they would slip off again, and one of the boys, in a heedless moment, narrowly escaped slipping out of his skin. On reaching home their parents, being exceedingly frugal, wrung them out and extracted about fourteen gallons of pure oil from the three boys! Faint(?) A company are erecting a candle factory on the banks of this river, preparing to dip candles in it.
The principal amusement here is climbing greased poles and catching oil pigs. The necessary appliances being constantly on hand, sliding down hills is popular among all classes during the summer months. This is effected without sleds on a hill of solid oil, just back of the tavern. As I write, laughter, rich and gushing, is wafted to my window from a number of the beauties of "Bowers Corners," as they sweetly dissolve down the sides of that melting slope.
There was a thunder storm this afternoon and as the electric fluid ran down one of those slippery elms, I told you, I was treated to my first glimpse of "greased lightning." It is quite a common occurrence here, they say. Think of a divested of all harsh intonation by the minute particles of oil which fill the air and grease the wheels of Jove's noisy chariot.
If any of your readers think I have "cut it fat" in this letter, let them visit the Oil Springs and see for themselves. Yours truly,
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Hard on Judas Iscariot.

Artemus Ward, the "great American Showman," relates, in his peculiar style, the following:

INSIDENT IN UTRIK.

In the Fall of 1856 I showed my show in Utrik, a truly grate city in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordial reception. The press was loud in their praises.

I day as I was given a description of my Dests and Snakes in my usual doury style, what was my shock & disgust to see a big burly fellow walk up to the cage containing my wax figures of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Juss Juss by the feet and drag him to the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he could.

"What under the sun are you about?" cried I. "Se he, 'What did you bring this puss-planner, muscuss loose? F' & hit the wax figger number one tremendous blow on the head."

Se L "You egress as that air's a wax figger, a representative of the false Pope!"

Se he, "That's all very well (ur you say, but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscariot can't show himself in Utrik with impunity by a dam site" with which overabundance he laved in Judas's head. The young man belonged to 1 of the fast families in Utrik. I said him, & the Jossy brawny in verdict of Arson in the 3rd degree."

Great Judas.

WM. TELL EQUIPPED.—Mr. Frederick Whitehead, of this city, who is engaged in Storm's shooting gallery, on Fourth street, has fair to eclipse the world renowned bear and patriot, Wm. Tell. The other evening, while in the gallery, we saw him shoot an apple from the head of another gentleman, who stood at the distance of ten paces. What makes this feat a remarkable one is the fact that it was performed with a pistol and ball, and not with an airgun, which is usually employed in shooting galleries. The same gentleman stood off ten paces and held a seven-shot diamond card in his hand. Mr. Whitehead, with a pistol and ball, shot five spots out of the card.—St. Louis Bulletin.

A NEW "NOTION."—The Springfield Republic can say that an ingenious mechanic of Holyoke who is himself A. Case, (that's his name,) has invented a cane in which is also a lantern—a stout elegant walking stick, and a brilliant acetylene light. It can be lighted at pleasure, or blown out, and without close observation is undistinguishable from a common large sized walking stick. It is a useful invention for doctors, watchmen, editors of daily papers, young men who "sit up late" with people who wake their sisters, and all other classes who have to be out at night.

LAME IN TRANSPLANTING TREES.—An English publication says that a large plantation of trees has been formed in that country, within a few years past, without the loss of a single tree, by putting a small quantity of lime in the hole when planting the tree. Four bushels of lime are said to be sufficient for an acre. The lime is thoroughly mixed with the soil, in order that it may be reached by the roots, with equal facility in every direction, as its principal effect is to push forward the tree during the first previous stages of its growth.

Snowballing.

BY JOHN S. HUNT.

The soft, loose glob of her tresses
Is graying about her face;
And the wind through its silken meshes
Is running a frolicsome race.
Her violet eyes—how they darken and flash!
Her rose-red cheeks—how they glow!
As she stands, ankle-deep in the milk-white drifts,
Pelted me with the snow.
She tosses the soot flakes around her,
In her pretty, boyishish play,
Till she looks like a sea-nymph rising
Through the billows of foam and spray.
She moulds the balls with her little bare hands;
Do you think she would part or scold
If I nestled the pink palms down in my breast
And warmed them?—they look so cold!
Her white wool mittens are flung on the snow,
Each one in itself a lake,
And her silken scarf beside them lies,
Coiled up like a crimson snake.
All about on the tracks of her little feet
Have printed the downy snow,
And I know by them where, another spring,
The prettiest flowers will grow.

She laughs and scoffs when my snowballs fly
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If my mittens were half as bold
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Are fire to my heart, does she know?
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Pelted me with snow?

Got up with the girls.—The entrance into society may be said to date immediately after boyhood has passed away, yet the multitude take the initiative before their boards are presentable. It is a great trial, either at a tender or a tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with absolute certainty that within two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before the girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and sit down and dispose of his hands without putting them in his pockets, is an achievement which not many boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over.
There comes, at last the waking up. The dear girl don their hoods, and put on their shawls, and look as saucy and mischievous, and unapproachable, and independent, as if they didn't wish anybody to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck goes to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and croaking his elbow, stammers out the words, "Shall I see you home?" She touches her finger to his arm, and they walk home a foot apart feeling as awkward as two goings.

So Mr. Harper, your real name is Jones, is it and you've been fooling me, have you? Well, we ain't spliced yet; and I don't think we will be